Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - - MISSOURI.

BICYCLING TOURISTS.

The Most Pleasurable Feature of the Wheelman's Existence.

The people who go abroad on wheels are of many types, a number of which are designated, the mere name making further description unnecessary: the boy who rushes along the block on his fiery, untamed three-wheeler; the youth who rides a safety so constructed that as the boy grows the saddle is elongated, and the wheel is always a good "fit" for him until he is ready to go into long trousers; the boy between seventeen and twenty; this boy, by the way, may be divided into two types—the style who rushes in front of pedestrians to their consternation and his amusement, who rides hands off, hands on, legs over handles, rushes up hill, wheels down, frightens horses and is "fresh," irrepressible and show-offy generally; the better type of the boy cyclist is he who rides along nicely and enjoys the sport.

And now we are up to the "men" cyclists; the reporter who collects news awheel; the clergyman who makes the rounds; the multitudinous army of clerks who fight off dyspepsia, indigestion, melancholia, and general incapacity by a ride in the park or on the roads after business hours. Then there is the large army who take up the sport not as a life-preserver, or appetizer, or muscle-maker, but for the merits of the thing itself, for the opportunity it gives one to wander far afield in search of beauty and recreation.

Besides the riders who go out for constitutional jaunts, there are two other classes, those who tour and those who race, either on the road or path.

Touring is the most pleasurable feature of the sport. Sufficient changes of clothing may be carried to make one comfortable for a few days. To enjoy a tour, a man should first plan to ride not more than forty or fifty miles a day, appoint definite stopping places and stick to schedule. The clothing used should be of woolen material, which best absorbs perspiration and prevents colds and stiffness. Few men enjoy touring alone, and if a companion who does not ride any faster or any slower than yourself can be selected, you will enjoy the tour much better.

The greatest tour ever made is Thomas Stevens' journey around the globe. Francis P. Thayer, of Hartford, George W. Nellis, of Herkimer, N. Y., and Theodre F. Van Mehrbekse, of New York, have all toured across the American continent. F. E. Weaver, of New Haven, has just completed a similar journey. W. Van Wagoner, of Newport, recently rode from Boston to Chicago, and Charles Neilson a few weeks ago from Chicago to New York. Long-distance journeys no longer command astonishment, as any decent rider can tour any distance if he has the time.

The favorite touring districts—that is, riding sections which on account of their good roads are of National repute—are the roads around Boston; the Lancaster pike, which runs from Philadelphia to Reading; the Orange (N. J.) district, in which are hundreds of miles of good macadam, and the Berkshire district. One of the most famous rides in this country is the ride down the Shenandoah Valley from Hagerstown, Md., to Staunton, Va., and the Natural bridge; distance, nearly two hundred miles.—F. P. Prial, in Harper's Weekly

SLOW JOHN BULL.

He Fought Typewriters for Years, But Had to Swallow Them Finally.

The head of one of the big typewriter manufacturing concerns was speaking the other day of the hard fight the typewriter people had to overcome English conservatism and get John Bull to actually give their machines a trial.

"You see," he said, "the English people had been used to sending and receiving written letters for so long that they regarded with dismay and disgust the proposition to print their letters for them.

"A certain big manufacturing concern in this city sent a typewritten business letter to Sir William G. Armstrong, Mitchell & Co., the world-famous ship-builders of Liverpool. The two houses had done business together for years, and heavy interests were involved, but the Liverpool concern sent an indignant protest against the printed circular, as they called it, to the New York company. It even went so far as to intimate that if their house was not deemed worthy of a private written letter, instead of a printed circular, it might be compeled to sever its relations with the New York concern.

"It was hard work for the New York company to make the Liverpool concern understand that no discourtesy was intended and that those printed circulars—otherwise, typewritten letters—were all the go in American. This was only three or four years ago, but since then John Bull has pocketed his conservatism and given typewriters a cordial welcome."—N. Y. Mail and Express.

AN ARAB DINNER.

Queer Table Manners and Fearfully and Wonderfully-Made Viands.

While at El Ontaja we made friends with the Sheik of the village, a very dignified and courteous personage, who invited us to dinner, along with the station master and a French gentleman who had lately arrived to try an experiment in vine culture. We were received in a windowless room, with a handsome carpet and a good deal of furniture of a plain kind. His secretary sat at another table writing most of the time, for the village sheiks exercise magisterial functions. After a preliminary course or two of rather highly-spiced viands, served in European fashion, the piece de resistance came on.

The table was cleared and a flat-iron dish, a yard in diameter, was placed there, and two servants bore in a half-grown sheep roasted whole on a wooden spit. This was deposited on the dish and the spit withdrawn. The Sheik then proceeded to pull off the choicer parts with his fingers and place them on our plates, after which we were expected to help ourselves in the same "go-as-you-please" fashion. The meat was roasted very brown and crisp, and was not so nasty as it sounds. After this followed the great national dish of "cous-cous"—flour moistened and rolled by the hand into tiny balls like sago, then streamed, and served with different sauces or raisins. A wife is valued to a great extent according to her ability to make "cous-cous." We had lots of Algerian wine, which the sheik did not disdian to drink himself. Dates and promegranates finished the meal.—Nineteenth Century.

ARIEL, The Half-Breed.

A Romance of Colonial Days.

BY ROBERT A. CUMMING.

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CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

When the remains were exhumed from the ruins, Ariel observed that the teeth were larger than those of Mlle. Destain and he resolved to search for the stilleto and the belt buckle, which he thought were most likely to resist the fire. For these his search was vain, and what he did find he carried to Mrs. Vernon to whom he confided his discovery. That lady was in the habit of visiting and ministering to the wants of the sick of her people, and she quickly seized another link in the chain of evidence. Taking Ariel with her she proceeded at once to the river-bank, where she found the woman she wanted, seated on the ground, her head bowed down and covered with her blanket. Mrs. Vernon laid her hand on her shoulder and spoke a few words in her own language. The woman unvailed her face on which the lines of hopeless anguish were traced in deepest furrows.

"The daughter of the Great Spirit comes too late," she said; "the child is gone!"

"Where have you buried her?"

"Gone! Gone!" she repeated, with a despairing gesture. With the sweet sympathetic tone of one to whom grief was familiar, Mrs. Vernon touched the heart of the bereaved mother; who told her briefly the wrong which had been done her. Her child, a girl of sixteen, died the night before, and the mother went to seek aid among the tribe to bury her the next day. When she returned the corpse was gone. She knew not where. Mrs. Vernon was satisfied. She had seen the sick girl and tried to save her; she had also observed the armlet and necklace with the instinctive glance which women bestow on dress or ornament.

"You are right, Ariel," she said, as they turned away from the river. "Mlle. Destain still lives, and we will see if we cannot outwit this Lemourier and restore her to her lover and her family. Go, and tell your master to come to my house this evening."

CHAPTER XII.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

Where the mighty river of the North, offspring of the "unsalted seas," the great St. Lawrence, reflects in its crystal breast the emerald foliage or the frowning rocks of a thousand isles, now murmuring softly on some pebbled beach, now rushing on with foaming crest and swift impetuous course, like a prodigal sated with joys and flying from their embrace; in this dreamland of Nature, where the only sounds were the songs of birds, the rustle of leaves, or the gurgle of water forcing its way through narrow rocky channels, a man standing on the shore of one of the islets gazed on the fairy scene with the air of one not so much enchanted by its beauty as to be heedless of time and circumstance. In fact he was a sentinel rather than an artistic admirer—his quick restless eye observing every shadow on the water, every movement of bird or leaf. At his feet a birch canoe was drawn up on the beach; a few paces behind him a boy was broiling some fish upon the embers of a wood fire, while the aroma of coffee prevaded the air.

"Thy supper hath an appetising smell, Ariel, and I think you may eat it in peace as we left no trail which the eye of a Haron could detect, and without a trail even a bloodhound could not follow us."

So saying he threw himself at length upon the ground and fell into a reverie from which he was presently aroused by Ariel with the intimation that supper was ready. A hungry man might well be thankful for such a banquet, and Marden, having done his duty by the fried venison, broiled fish and aromatic coffee, lighted his pipe and resumed his revery, while Ariel extinguished the fire and made other preparations for the approaching night. One by one the stars came out, and the silence would have been oppressive but for the gurgling sound of the water, which had such a soporific effect upon Marden, tired as he was, physically and mentally, that he was obliged to pace the narrow limits of the isle to keep awake until Ariel, refreshed by a few hours' sleep, relieved his guard.

The boy paused not for reveries nor listened to drowsy murmurings. For a moment his eyes swept the obscurity around him, and glancing upward discerned the branches of a lofty tree outlined against the star-lit sky. Noiselessly he launched the canoe and soon gained the shore of another and larger

AT HIS FEET A BIRCH CANOE WAS DRAWN UP.

island, from the center of which arose the gigantic form of the tree he was in search of, and he soon gained an elevated position among its branches where he remained hour after hour, striving to penetrate the darkness.

With the first faint indication of daylight his patience was rewarded by a spark of fire on a distant isle, between himself and which many others were were dimly visible. Then the spark flashed into a flame which grew until he could see that it was fed by dusky figures that momentarily grew more distinct. There were four of them and the spy soon decided that they were whites and that they were about to prepare a meal. Instantly the boy descended from his perch and pushed out in his canoe, which he headed in the direction of the scene he had just witnessed. It was now dayligh and he proceeded with great caution, counting the intervening islands until he reached one which he knew must be opposite to the point where he saw the fire. Here he landed and crept along until he got a view of the scene, now only a few rods distant. In the foreground was a fire on which were some culinary utensils. Two of the men lounged on the grass, while another aided the cook, whose negro features and the sound of his voice, as he directed his assistant, indicated that he was Lemourier's servant. In the background he caught a glimpse of a rude shelter composed of bark and blankets suspended upon poles driven in the earth, at the entrance of which sat a girl whose long, straight, black hair fell over the vesture of a squaw or half breed.

Ariel waited a few minutes for further developments, and then crept back to the canoe. He found Marden awaiting his return with much anxiety.

"Where hast thou been, Ariel?" he asked. "Thy face indicates some discovery."

The boy at once communicated his adventure, after which he proceeded to prepare breakfast while his master thought out a plan to assure himself of the presence of Mlle. Destain in the enemy's camp and to rescue her if possible. After the meal the fire was extinguished, and the baggage transferred to the canoe, which was headed for the island where Ariel made his first observations. There, concealed in the foliage of the great tree, the adventurers watched the movements of the enemy.

The whites were lounging on the shore; but the negro was not visible. Presently a tall female figure emerged from the tepee, followed by another, which Ariel recognized as that of the squaw.

The distance was too great to distinguish features, but Marden felt that the tall slender form could belong to no other than Ninon Destain. Two canoes were drawn up on the shore, and the careless demeanor of the men indicated their entire sense of security from attack or observation. All day the scouts kept watch in the branches until the growing darkness hid the island from view, when they descended and made a fire to prepare the meal which their long abstinence rendered necessary to recruit them for their contemplated enterprise.

After two hours rest, they launched the canoe and steered boldly for the camp of the enemy. The white men were asleep by the fire; but the negro was not to be seen when Ariel stepped on shore to reconnoiter, and crept softly toward the tepee, across the entrance of which was stretched the bulky form of the negro. The boy retreated to the rear of the tepee, where he searched for a crevice in the side. The interior was dark with the exception of a faint ray which struggled through the entrance from the fire without. Baffled in this attempt to communicate with Ninon, Ariel resolved upon a dangerous experiment. Creeping along the ground like a snake, he approached the negro, whose heavy breathing encouraged him to proceed. He arose and stepped over him. In doing so he intercepted the ray of light, which, as he perceived, fell upon the face of the squaw. She moved, and as Ariel glided into the darkness, she raised herself on her elbow, then apparently satisfied, composed herself to rest again. Ariel paused to listen, and soon detected a gentle breathing; he knelt down and touched a hand which shivered and withdrew. Then the negro's voice jarred upon his ear, asking the squaw if she was asleep. The woman replied sulkily. He muttered a threat and went away to the fire, and returning with his pipe lighted, resumed his place at the entrance.

Ninon, also awakened, stretched out her hand and encountered that of Ariel. It was a critical moment; would she scream? He placed a finger on her lips. She did not move and scarcely breathed. Ariel traced his name letter by letter on the palm of her hand, and he knew by the pressure on his own that she comprehended all. Her presence of mind saved them, and while she asked the squaw some careless questions, she drew a piece of bark aside and pushed him through the crevice. She was about to follow him when the squaw laid her hand upon her shoulder. "Why you not go to sleep?" she asked in broken French. Ariel heard the question and knew that the opportunity was lost for the present, although part of his mission had succeeded. Mlle. Destain knew that her friends were at hand.

"That will be a relief to her," he thought, "if she does not betray it by her looks."

Marden was growing impatient, however. He told Ariel, that no better opportunity was likely to occur, while some accident might snatch the prize from their grasp.

"Go back," he said; "or stay; I'll go myself. We must have her to-night if we have to fight against odds. Ha! what is that?" Something attracts their attention. "Ariel did you hear that shout? It came from the water. See!" As he spoke a huge shadow appeared a few rods from the shore; another moment and the firelight fell upon a barge, propelled by six rowers, in the bow of which stood a man of large proportions, who sprang to the shore before the vessel touched. Marden recognized him instantly. It was Lemourier.

CHAPTER XIII.

"BRING HANDFULS OF LILIES."

Mercer was prepared, as far as his limited force admitted, for the attack of the enemy, with the courage of a man who was ready to die at his post, mingled with scorn of the pusillanimity which rendered the loss of an important position almost certain, and for which the English Generals Loudoun and Abercrombie earned the lasting contempt of the colonists, if not of their own troops, while history accuses them of imbecility and cowardice.

It was Renwick's whim to announce the arrival of the little fleet at Oswego by the discharge of one of the captured cannon, to the surprise of Mercer, who did not know that these reinforcements were possessed of artillery. Jabe had placed these in position on a raft, and stacked the French muskets with fixed bayonets on the same vessel, so that they made quite an imposing effect.

"It will show our friends that we have not been idle, or backward about helping ourselves," said the ranger, "and I guess the Frenchmen will know the sound of their own guns when they speak to them from the walls of the fort. Eh, Lieutenant; that was a neat job of yours."

"Thanks to your suggestion, Jabe," replied Renwick, "and the help you gave us from your perch on the tree. In truth, it was you who captured the guns, my friend."

Jabe, much pleased with the compliment, laughed heartily. "We'll give it to them again, Lieutenant. They don't know that the fort is reinforced, do they? Well, I hope they won't find it out and run away before we get a shot at them."

"Have no fears on that score, Jabe," responded Renwick, grimly. "I think your chances for capturing more cannon are good."

"I say, Lieutenant," said Jabe, with sudden gravity, "don't you believe that we can whip them?"

"To be sure," was the careless reply; "that's what we're here for."

This answer was so unsatisfactory that a doubt for the first time crossed the mind of the ranger.

"If we can't hold the fort," he thought, "what will become of the women and children?" and a vision of his wife and baby at the mercy of the Hurons made his stout heart tremble. Mercer, having received Selwyn and his followers, and thanked him for their services, made a place for them in the programme of defense.

The women and other non-combatants were removed from Fort Ontario to the stronger building, and Selwyn was ordered to garrison the former.

"Jabe," said Mrs. Locke, "I dreamt last night about Captain Marden and his boy. Has nothing been heard of them?"

"No; but the Captain's safe enough. He's a prisoner of war, you know, and as for Ariel, I guess he's found his master by this time."

"Jabe," said his wife, earnestly, "are you *sure* that you don't know any thing about Ariel?"

"What should I know?" asked the ranger, in surprise.

"Oh, I mean about who he is and where he came from."

"I guess we know all that he knows himself, and you know the story as well as I do," he replied; whereupon his wife refrained from asking any more questions and presently fell into a train of

"THAT'S WHAT WE'RE HERE FOR."

reflections on the obtuseness or indifference of men on all subjects which did not immediately touch their interests or strike their vision, while Jabe contentedly played with his baby.

At midnight a sentinel gave the alarm. The gunboats from Fort Frontenac were approaching, the movements on board and the voices of command being distinctly audible.

The news was speedily communicated to the blockhouse. Renwick, who was officer of the watch, aroused Selwyn. "The gun-boats are here, Charley," he said. "Let's make a dash at them."

Selwyn looked at his friend in surprise.

"Yes, I know it looks like a rash project, but consider it well. The night is dark, they have just arrived, have not seen us by daylight, and don't expect us. We will man the canoes with thirty rangers armed with the French muskets and our own knives and rifles. We will tackle the first gunboat we reach, sweep her decks first and then tow her up the river here."

Selwyn thought favorably of the plan and went to lay it before Mercer, while Renwick called for volunteers and made preparations for the raid.

In half an hour six canoes each carrying five men glided through the darkness, keeping close together, the paddles making no sound as they propelled the little barks along. Soon the hulls of the gunboats began to loom up, and the sound of oars indicated that some of them were being placed in position. Then a gun from the foremost one proclaimed that the seige was begun. Instantly the lights in the fort were extinguished, but the gunboat did not cease firing.

"They have got the range," thought Renwick. Bang! went another gun almost over his head. "Come on, men!" he shouted, grasping the tow rail of the gunboat and springing to the deck, followed by Jabe and the rest with the exception of one man to secure the canoes.

The boldness of the attack secured its success, and the Frenchmen, appalled by the apparition of a band of foemen on their deck who poured in a volley and then charged with the bayonet, dived under hatches, jumped overboard, or surrendered at discretion. Renwick knew there was no time to be lost. The nearest vessel was approaching to see what the firing meant, and he would soon have the entire fleet upon him. Promptly he ordered one half his force to return to the canoes in order to tow the prize while the others remained on board to guard against attack. Already objects were becoming faintly visible in the dawn of an August morning and as Renwick measured the distance between the enemy and himself, he was gratified to observe that it was momentarily increasing. Evidently the Frenchmen did not quite understand the situation, else they could have made Master Renwick pay dearly for his temerity. As it was, one of the vessels was about to open fire with its bow-guns when Jabe spoiled the shot by dropping the gunner, while his companions prevented further annoyance by clearing its deck with bullets which were not fired at random.

As soon as it was light enough to observe the situation, Mercer in turn opened fire on the enemy, the effect of which encouraged Renwick to attempt the capture of the vessel whose guns he had silenced. With this view he ordered the canoes to halt, while with the aid of oars he approached the second prize and made her fast with a rope. He had scarcely gotten under way again, however, when the enemy discovered the insignificance of their antagonist and began to lower and man their boats to attack him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE house well and cistern should be carefully cleaned out and guarded against the influx of any noxious fluids from the out-houses or manure piles. It is often noticed that the water is not clear for a certain length of time after the cleaning of the well. This trouble may be remedied by emptying a few pounds of borax into the well.

THE Abyssinians make a composition of butter and pounded coffee berry, which, in traveling, they find more sustaining than either bread or meat.

CLASS LEGISLATION.

A Confidential Republican Circular as a Campaign Document.

A business circular lately issued by Foster, Stevens & Company, of Grand Rapids, Mich., a firm which handles more hardware, cutlery, tin, silver-plated goods and glass than any other house in its State, is one of the most effective anti-tariff and anti-trust campaign documents that could be prepared. The house was established by the late Wilder D. Foster, for many years a Republican member of Congress from Michigan, and his interests are still held in his family. The circular is therefore an entirely accidental contribution to Democratic campaign literature from a strictly Republican source.

The effect of the tariff-robbery schemes of the party in power, and the trusts which this party has fostered, is evidenced in the confidential but half-apologetic introduction of Messrs. Foster, Stevens & Co., which says:

As important and rather radical advances in prices of some articles in the hardware line are daily taking place, we wish to say a few words so you may more fully understand the situation and not think that the jobber is overcharging you.

Crops have been poor; potatoes are gold and none to sell; wheat a half crop; corn all "nubbins" by reason of early frost, and still the tendency of prices in the household utensil trade is decidedly upward.

An unconscious turn is next taken at the trusts in the hardware line:

There is now but one axe company in the United States, and that is called the American Axe & Tool Company, with headquarters at Pittsburgh. This company has purchased outright every axe factory in the country of any importance, and by thus controlling the production, have advanced prices on an average of $2 a dozen.

* * * * * * *

In this industry (saws, hand and cross-cut) the same forces have been at work, and to day there are but two companies who manufacture hand-saws, where there were a dozen four months ago. Prices in this line of goods have been advanced from 10 to 40 per cent. In cross-cuts it is the same. By a consolidation of interests prices have been advanced from 4 to 8 cents a foot.

So much for the protected trusts, and now for dutiable lead and the Republican silver bill:

Every thing made of lead has taken a decided advance, owing to recent decisions on the admitting of Mexican ore into this country, as well as by combinations of manufacturers. Shot, lead pipe, pig-lead, solder, babbit metal, have all advanced, and may go still higher. The passage of the silver bill will also affect all articles made of or coated with silver. In the hardware line plated knives and forks spoons, etc., will be affected and advances made.

The evils of the silver bill were never so graphically set forth as in this evidence of its practical workings in extorting toll for the silver kings of Colorado from every household in the land. It is clearly an utterly pernicious and disgraceful measure of robbery and outrage on the whole people.

Restraining indignation and excusable wrath, let us read on:

The present tariff on sheet tin is 1 cent a pound and the McKinley tariff bill, which no doubt will pass both houses of Congress, advances the duty to 2 2-10 cents a pound. This must, of course, advance tin from $1.25 to $3 a box, according to the weight of said box. This advance in sheet tin will affect all articles of tinware and advances will be made all along the line.

* * * * * * *

Tin in New York has already advanced from 50 cents to $1 a box and is growing stronger each day as the certainty of the passage of the McKinley tariff bill becomes more assured. Not a box of tin is made in this country, notwithstanding which tin has declined in price from $15 to $4.75 a box during the past twenty-five years.

In this way the genius for mischief of Mr. McKinley and associates is revealed to the consumers of this tariff-ridden land, the load taking the form of a burdensome tax saddled on the helpless subjects of a coterie of office-holding politicians and business monopolists.

After referring to the glass trust, the advertisers further defend the advanced prices in their new catalogue and close with the assertion that, notwithstanding the advance in goods, there is hope that the limit is reached, since in no instance are the wholesale firms (trusts) with which they deal proposing to consider any increase of wages to those engaged in the labor of working the raw material into goods.

The circular, when read between the lines, as every intelligent citizen who is posted on National legislation will read it, is a forcible arraignment of the tariff policy of the Republican party and a rebuke to every man who has voted to sustain that party and its policy. In none of the legislation of the McKinley class is the consumer or the workingman benefited, but, on the other hand, all classes, except a favored few who are already wealthy, receive a direct injury. The laborer works for the same pay and, as a consumer along with all the lines of citizenship, must pay the increase demanded by Republican legislation and the protected trusts for all the necessaries as well as the luxuries of life.

This confidential Republican circular will no doubt enter largely into the tariff discussions of the fall campaign. We commend it to State committees and to Democratic workers everywhere. —Chicago Globe.

BAYARD'S WARNING.

The Ex-Secretary Bewails the Potency of Money in Controlling Politics.

Ex-Secretary Bayard and Senator Gray were speakers at a Democratic mass-meeting at Wilmington, Del. The former took a decidedly dark view of the condition of affairs in the country at large. He said:

"I can clearly see that the spirit that is now governing the American people is not one founded in intelligence or conscience, but it is the power of wealth. It is a plutocracy and not a democracy. Everywhere is this made apparent. I can see it in this city—in all the great cities of the country. Against it I warn you as the representatives of the masses of the American people. A plutocracy—a government by wealth—has every fault and not one of the virtues of aristocracy which our government was intended to replace and make impossible in this country. If I were to sum up the issue which is clearly to my mind being made in this State—Indeed, all over the United States—I would say it is the question of 'money against manhood,' and if the party in which I was born, in which the whole of my life has been passed, has any truth in it, it is that it is the party of manhood as against the mere influence of money.

"I have seen it stated by one of its chief advocates and another that the object of the Lodge-Davenport bill was to give publicity to elections. But, my friends, what we want is to preserve the conscience of the individual voter, that no one but himself and the eye that reads all things shall know what vote he places in the ballot box in the convictions of his conscience. We want men protected from every influence except reason, intelligence, conscience. We neither want them to be frightened from their duty nor debauched—first impoverished and then debauched—in order to prevent them from exercising their suffrage in its fullest and largest sense. The more you test it the truer you will find my allegation that the issue in Delaware, as in most of the States of the Union, will be money against manhood, and may Delaware ever find herself on the side of manhood as against the mere power of money."

——The whole country is in a broad grin over the demand of the Indiana Republicans that elections shall be honest. Colonel Dudley must have put that in.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

MR. PLUMB'S TESTIMONY.

The McKinley Bill "Takes Into Account Solely the Manufacturer."

A Pennsylvania Republican wrote Senator Plumb, of Kansas, protesting against his recent tariff reform speeches. In his reply Senator Plumb said, among other things:

Notwithstanding the poor opinion of me which you express, that I probably make speeches which do not represent my sentiments, I want to assure you that I never was more in earnest in my life than in making the remarks you mention. It may be, as you say, that the manufacturers are having a hard time, but this has been true of the farmers, whom I represent, for many years, and they do not seem to think just now that it would be any relief to them to put up the prices of manufactured goods. Congress passed a bill for the benefit of the worsted manufacturers a short time ago which, I am told, put up the prices about twenty-five per cent. The McKinley bill, it is said, and on apparent good authority, will increase them about twenty-five per cent. more. Somebody must, of course, pay these extra duties, and it seems to me as though the consumers were fairly to be taken into account. I agree that in raising revenues for carrying on the Government proper regard may be had as to the needs of the domestic manufacturer in the way of protection, but he must take some chances in the country in which he lives and which he expects to supply with goods. In my judgment, the McKinley bill is decidedly wrong as it passed the House. It may or may not be made better in the Senate, but in its present shape *it takes into account solely the manufacturer*, overlooking wholly the consumer. For this reason it does not meet with my views.

Here we have a square confession by a leading Republican Senator that the McKinley bill "takes into account solely the manufacturer." Mr. Blaine has already told the country that there is not a section or a line in the McKinley bill that opens a market for another bushel of wheat or another barrel of pork. The leading Republican newspapers in Illinois, Minnesota, Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri have denounced it in equally emphatic terms.

Thus we have abundance of unimpeachable Republican testimony to the demerits of the McKinley bill. And yet it was passed by Congress and approved by President Harrison as a Republican party measure.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

MORTGAGES ALL RIGHT.

According to Butterworth and Ingalls Debt Is a Blessing Indeed.

Benjamin Butterworth has long been recognized as a man of the most eminent ability. What other man could so ably fulfill the duties of three positions, each of which might well claim his entire time and attention? Benjamin is Congressman from the First Ohio district, but his duties to his trans-Rhenish constituency do not prevent him from making a very acceptable secretary of the greatest international exposition ever undertaken. He is also political exhorter-at-large for the Republican party. In his last-named capacity Benjamin recently went into the rural regions of Iowa to instruct the agriculturists about the straight and narrow political paths in which they should go. He explained very satisfactorily to himself that a mortgage which the average farmer has hitherto regarded as opposed to his interests is in reality a very good thing, indeed. His view is also concurred in by that peculiar political phenomenon, Senator Ingalls, of Kansas. Senator Ingalls, too, believes that mortgages are all right. He claims to have experimented with the mortgage industry and with most excellent results. The testimony of these two eminent Republican lights seems to indicate that a popular misapprehension exists concerning mortgages. Ingalls says he has made money by mortgaging other people's property. Now all that is required to make the Kansas farmer prosperous is for him to devise a means by which he can mortgage his neighbor's property and keep from mortgaging his own. There is the whole secret of success. Theoretically it is easy enough, and Sentaor Ingalls himself is a living example of its entire practicability. Farmers, therefore, who expect to raise mortgages on their own farms ought to be careful to plant mortgages on other people's property.—Chicago Mail.

DRIFT OF OPINION.

——Secretary Blaine clings to his reciprocity and Speaker Reed points to his majority.—Washington Post.

——The mass of bummers, blacklegs and bullies in Chicago has long been in the pay of the highly moral Republican party.—Times.

——The first thing called for after the passage of the McKinley bill is an extraordinary effort by the United States Treasury to avert a monetary panic.—Providence Journal.

——President Harrison has given Consul-General New a vacation to manage the Indiana floaters. Mr. New's salary will go on as usual. Public office is a public trust. Fitness is the essential and discriminating test.—St. Louis Republic.

——According to Mr. Ingalls "the worst Republican is preferable to the best Democrat." That is, a "practical politician," like Blocks-of-Five Dudley is to be preferred to an honest man and a statesman like Allen G. Thurman.—Kansas City Star.

——Facts are facts and all the talk in the world can not change them. General Barrundia was shot to death upon an American vessel and fell literally in the shadow of the American flag. The State Department has not succeeded in finding out what it intends to do about it. J. G. B.'s brilliant foreign policy needs oiling.—Detroit Free Press.

KILGORE, from Texas, in the House,
Kicked down the lobby door,
Which, hitting Dingley on the nose,
Bestrewed with blood the floor.
What pity 'tis this Congressman
From far-off sunny South,
This lobby door should not have kicked
Against old Cannon's mouth.
—N. Y. Sun.

——All that Mr. Reed believes or does is the logical outcome of his party's service to monopoly. He is essentially the most logical Republican of his time, and Mr. Blaine is no longer "the man from Maine." He has a rival whose latest victory at the polls advances him very far towards complete party leadership.—N. Y. World.

The Shylock Senator from Kansas.

Ingalls, in his talk to the Pennsylvanian Republicans, never said a word about loaning money to Kansas farmers at 18 per cent. interest; neither did he tell them how he managed to accumulate a quarter of a million dollars on a salary of $5,000 a year. Had he called attention to his Shylock method of doing business with farmers he might have enlightened them. But no, he could better serve his purpose by denouncing Democrats in language unbecoming any man occupying the office of United States Senator. This, however, is characteristic of the man; he wouldn't be in his element were he not belching forth fire and brimstone. He is the devil incarnate. Truth and decency are foreign to his character.—N. Y. World.

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

—By rubbing with a flannel dipped in whiting, the discoloration may be taken off cups which have been used for baking.

—In lighting a kerosene lamp never touch the wick with the match, as it has a tendency to roughen or spread it. Keep the wick turned down below the top of the burner, except when in actual use, if you would not have oil on the outside of the lamp.

—Cocoanut Sheets: Whip stiff the whites of five eggs, grate one fresh cocoanut, add to it two-thirds of a cupful of sugar, a small half-cupful of flour and a half-teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake about half an hour, and ice and sprinkle cocoanut over the top.—Boston Herald.

—Sugar Cakes: One cup butter, one cup sugar, four cups flour, two eggs, one teaspoonful vanilla. Cream butter and sugar, mix with the beaten eggs, add the flour and the flavoring, roll out very thin, and bake in a moderate oven, sprinkling the cakes with granulated sugar just before baking.—Boston Budget.

—Stuffed Cabbage: Cut out the heart of a large, fresh cabbage by gently pressing back the leaves. To do this without breaking the cabbage pour boiling water over it. Fill the hole with finely-chopped veal or chicken rolled into balls with the yelk of a tegg. Tie up in a cloth and boil in a covered kettle.—Housekeeper.

—Plum Butter: Take to every peck of wild plums a gallon of good sorghum molasses. Boil the plums until done, put through a colander, then add the molasses and boil down until as thick as butter, add ground cinnamon. Let the plums get dead ripe first, else the butter will have a bitter twang. Some stone the plums before cooking. The butter is excelent, and takes the place of apple butter very well when apples are scarce.—Western Rural.

—Canned Pumpkin: Pare the pumpkin, cut it into small pieces, and cook it until soft enough for pies, then rub it through a sieve. After it has all been through the sieve, put it over the fire and heat it thoroughly, and then put it into the cans scalding hot and seal immediately. Have your cans heated the same as you would for fruit. Some would rub the pumpkin through a colander as it takes less time, but it is much smoother and nicer for pies if put through a sieve.—Ohio Farmer.

—Bread and Butter Pudding: Stale bread may be used for this. Cut the bread thin, and butter the slices; place in a pudding-dish butter side down; cover with a layer of tart apples, sprinkle over a little cinnamon and sugar; alternate bread and butter with the apples and seasoning until the dish is full, letting the last layer be of the bread; moisten with water, and place in the oven and bake until the apples are tender. Cover the pudding when first placed in the oven, then remove the cover and brown. Eat with sweetened cream.—Good Housekeeping.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Hints Concerning Dress Novelties of Foreign and Domestic Make.

Among the importations are black velvet sailor hats, with a Prince of Wales cluster of black ostrich plumes set up in front.

New silk cord passementeries in russet brown, ruby, heliotrope and plum color, with veinings of gold, are extremely effective and rich, and galloons and delicate applique bands and ornaments of very fine chenille inter-mixed with gold or silver threads, are restored to favor.

Holland twills and glace mohairs in handsome colorings appear among the stylish traveling dresses for this season.

Nuns' gray camel's-hair dresses in Greek style trimmed with gold and silver passementerie laid over white or heliotrope bands, are among the new elegant autumn tea-gowns. The Moorish devices upon some of the Paris dress garnitures are picked out in gold and copper. Lattice patterns in fine gold, with black chenille drawn through the open meshes and leaf-points, and palms of black velvet wrought with tinsel and studded with turquoises, are also among the novelties.

The display of silk and wool plaids for the season is remarkably rich. Some of the blocks are rather large, but are not at all gaudy in effect, there being far less of the genuine plaids than of blocks and stripes which show only two colors, such as amber and geranium red, fawn and plum color, turquoise blue and apricot, silver and pine green, old rose and Scotch gray, etc.

Edinburgh diagonal suitings are much liked for utility gowns; also Piccadilly wools in shot effects, combined with the same goods in checks or stripes. Upon the new Carmelite cloths for walking and visiting costumes are woven some very beautiful borderings that closely imitate elaborate silk embroideries. A pattern in rich velvet has a gold and russet bordering, which, though woven in the fabric, has a hand-wrought effect. The design represents fine rose vines interwoven with small mauve and gold thistle blossoms. A marine-blue English cloth gown has a black band bordering the skirt, and on this are laid many rows of gold braid. The seamless bodice has loops of gold braid run round it with excelent effect. The sleeves are of black cloth.

Jet again asserts itself, and among the novel examples are enormous butterflies of cut and riveted jet, their wings studded with turquoise stones set in glittering steel. These butterflies form the bonnet's crown, and bandeaus of the same style are on the brim. Nothing but a pair of narrow velvet strings is necessary to complete this insect bonnet.

It is a question whether the three-quarter jackets will prove a success or not. They cut the figure in half, and are by no means as smart-looking as the short coat; nevertheless, royalty has smiled upon them, and the ladies' tailors are making them up of their most stylish and expensive material.—N. Y. Post.

—A curious wager, with fatal results was recently decided at Siepring, Bavaria. A notoriously strong man, named Freytag, bet that a horse could not move him from the door of his house. The horse was brought and Freytag put his hands and feet against the door-posts, while Stern, the man with whom the bet had been made, fixed a rope round Freytag's neck. At the first pull the rope broke. A new rope having been brought, Stern plied his whip with all his might, when Freytag gave a scream and, letting go, was dragged along for some yards. His neck was broken.